

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVII—No. 239

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1881

Price Two Cents.

CLOTHING, UNDERWEAR, &c.

SOMETHING NEW!
LACE THREAD
UNDERSHIRTS,
FEATHER-WEIGHT DRAWERS,
SUSPENDERS,

ERISMAN'S,
THE SHIRTMAKER,
No. 56 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today we open a full line of Spring and Summer Goods for Men's Wear, which had in former years been sold in this city or any house in the country for quality, style and high priced character. We claim superiority over anything we handled before during our experience of quarter of a century in business, and our reputation is established for keeping the finest goods in our line. Our opening today is an invoice of Novelties captured from the wreck of a large Boston house, whose failure has precipitated these goods on the market too late in the season and at a sacrifice, so that they are within reach of all desiring a first-class article at a moderate price. The assortment includes a full line of the celebrated Talmont, French, Novelties, the handsomest and finest goods imported to this country, a new feature in Silk Warp; Talmont's Tropic, Long, Serpentine, Tropic, Cork, Seven, Diamond and Granite Weave. A full line of Taylor's English Toppings of beautiful effects. Also a line of Choice American Suitings as low as \$2.50 a suit. All the Latest Novelties in Spring Overcoatings at moderate prices. All are cordially invited to examine our stock and be convinced that we are making no idle boast, but can substantiate all we say and respectfully urge persons to place their orders on time before the choicest styles are sold, for they cannot be duplicated hereafter. For further particulars in regard to dress consult

J. K. SMALING,
THE ARTIST TAILOR,

121 N. QUEEN STREET,
Several Fine Coat Makers wanted.

SPRING OPENING

H. GERHART'S

New Tailoring Establishment,
No. 6 East King Street.

I have just completed fitting up one of the finest Tailoring Establishments to be found in this state, and am now prepared to show my customers a stock of goods for the

SPRING TRADE,

which for quality, style and variety of Patterns has never been equaled in this city. I will keep and sell no goods which I cannot recommend to my customers, no matter how low in price.

All goods warranted as represented, and prices as low as the lowest, at

H. GERHART'S

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING

SPRING 1881,

D. B. Hostetter & Son's,

No. 24 CENTRE SQUARE.

Having made unusual efforts to bring before the public the finest, stylish and well made stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

we are now prepared to show them one of the most carefully selected stocks of clothing in this city at the lowest Cash Prices.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING!

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Piece Goods of the Most Stylish Designs and at prices within the reach of all.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

LANCASTER, PA.

CHINA AND GLASSWARE.

TUMBLERS! TUMBLERS!

CHINA HALL.

JELLY TUMBLERS, COMMON TUMBLERS, LEMONADE TUMBLERS, SODA TUMBLERS, CUT TUMBLERS, FLINT BLOWN TUMBLERS.

Equal to any in Quality. Prices to suit all.

HIGH & MARTIN,

15 EAST KING STREET.

GROCERIES.

THE BEST WINES AND LIQUORS

AT
ERISMAN'S,
Also best Coffees, Teas and Sugars. Call at 100-110 N. QUEEN ST.

DRY GOODS.

SUMMER GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S,

PHILADELPHIA.

DRESS GOODS.
Our dress goods have been most heavily drawn upon now for three months, and of course many sorts are gone altogether, such as could not be replaced. But the stock is still very heavy, kept up by continual buying. Why, we sell almost our whole stock every month in the active line.

The quickest store—is't it the one to find the best things in?
JOHN WANAMAKER.
Nine counters, Thirtieth street entrance.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.
A shift gives us a little more room for generalities—cravats, plain and figured. The plain are few and the figured many; but which most need room is a question.

All black goods are together in a very small space; an uncommon stock too.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
Next-door circle, Chestnut street entrance.

LADIES' BUTTONS.
Pearl, metal, beaded and plain broche, jet, steel-point, ivory, horn; buttons from 5 cents to \$2.50.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
Fourth circle, northeast from centre.

HANDKERCHIEFS.
Are moved. We have about everything in silk and linen handkerchiefs; nothing in cotton or cotton mixed—never keep them.

Outer circle, west from Chestnut-street entrance.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
Fourth circle, northeast from centre.

BLACK BEADED NET.
Eight varieties, 50 cents to \$1.50.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
Second circle, southwest from centre.

HATS.
Of Breton and point d'Alencon, our own make; couldn't sell at 60 cents if we bought. Entirely new styles, by accident, at 75 cents, that we have been paying 75 cents for, and shall again.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
First circle, southwest from centre.

ANTIQUE TIDIES.
Under a dollar at about three-quarters our own prices lately.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
First circle, southwest from centre.

LADIES' COLLARS.
Two new collars; embroidery and point d'Alencon, 50 cents; Swiss reversing, 15 cents. Out of our own factory.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
First circle, west from centre.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Thirteenth, Market and Chestnut Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

JACOB M. MARKS. JOHN A. CHARLES. JOHN R. ROTH.

LANE & CO.
—ALL KINDS OF—
Dry Goods Offered at Great Bargains,

AT THE OLD RELIABLE STAND,
No. 24 East King Street.

SILK DEPARTMENT.—Special Inducements in Black and Colored Silks.
The general DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT constantly being added to and prices marked to promote quick sales.

CARPETS, RUGS, CLOTHS, LINENS, &c. complete in all its details.
CARPETS, RUGS, CLOTHS, LINENS, &c. complete in all its details.
Low Prices.
DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT unsurpassed in quantity and quality, and goods in all the departments guaranteed to be what they are sold for.
Call and see us.

JACOB M. MARKS. JOHN A. CHARLES. JOHN R. ROTH.

IRON BITTERS.

IRON BITTERS!
A TRUE TONIC. SURE APPETISER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially

INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, INTERMITTENT FEVERS, WANT OF APETITE, LOSS OF STRENGTH, LACK OF ENERGY, &c.

It enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. It acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as *Tzatz, Flat, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, &c.* The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A. B. C. Book, 32 pp., of useful and amusing reading—sent free.

BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY,
123-124 & W BALTIMORE, MD.

For Sale at COCHRAN'S DRUG STORE, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARGAINS. BARGAINS.

FLINN & WILLSON

Are offering their immense stock of TINWARE, BUCKETS, BROOMS, &c., bought at New York Auction, at less than half their value.

WATER COOLERS, REFRIGERATORS, EXPRESS WAGONS, CROQUET, BASKETS, BASKETS, 10c., &c.

FISHING TACKLE.

Great Attraction on the 5c., 10c., 15c. and 25c. Counters.

NO. 152 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PENN'A.

LAWN MOWERS. LAWN MOWERS.

PHILADELPHIA LAWN MOWERS, PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWERS.

EVERY MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED.

JEWETT'S PALACE REFRIGERATORS.

WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

WATER COOLERS, GARDEN HOSE, &c.,

AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.

GEO. M. STEINMAN & CO.,

Nos. 26 & 28 WEST KING STREET.

(Incl. L.M.M. & W.S.)

Lancaster Intelligencer.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 8, 1881.

FROM STEP TO STEP;

Or, The Mysterious Letter.

From the German of Ernst Fritze.
Translated Especially for the INTELLIGENCER.
(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

When the corn-dealer, Otto Marklin, had been informed by a business friend of the whereabouts of his son, he hastened, without loss of time, to send him an imperative order either to return home and attend to his duties, or to dissolve the relationship in which he stood as his father's partner. At the same time he notified his son of Madame Spalding's death, with the intimation that he would be glad to be done at last with the legal vexatious consequent upon the delivery of Madame's property to her relative. This information was limited to verbal messages. The old gentleman hated letter-writing, and thought, not without reason, that further details until he could do so in person.

The poor father, by his determined command, was unconsciously bringing his son face to face with his destiny. Felix felt that a business tour would shortly bring him into the neighborhood of Nonnenburg, and that he would avail himself of this opportunity to spend a day at home in order to pass in review with his father all that had occurred. Several weeks had elapsed since the notice, and Felix had not returned. An irresistible sensation of fear had deterred him from making his appearance at his father's house, although he had no inkling of the suspicions entertained against him. At last, the twilight of a rainy evening's day, the young man strode hastily from the station, through the streets, measuring with stormy steps the short space between the church place and his father's house. He did not notice that a man whose uniform denoted a policeman was moving slowly after him, that he remained standing at the steps of the house-door, and after listening for a short time, shot around the corner like an arrow from a bow.

Herr Felix had, in the meantime, greeted his father cordially, and with the most indifferent air in the world, began to converse with him on the events of the late past. The new housekeeper, an older and more experienced woman than her predecessor, had gone to the trouble of preparing a dinner which might do honor to her position in the house; and an inviting and appetizing smell floated in through the kitchen, while the cheerful, harmless conversation of the two gentlemen was audibly heard from the parlor. Just as the door of the mansion opened, a police officer entered, laid back the heavy door carefully against the wall, and made the customary salute to several gentlemen who followed him into the hall. Two gentlemen close the policeman, and he turned to them themselves at the door of the room, while the gentlemen hastily advanced towards the apartment where the loud tones proceeded. Without wasting time by the usual ceremonial announcement, the policeman opened the door and the gentlemen entered.

Herr Otto Marklin, who sat opposite the door, raised his eyes in great astonishment; his son, who was lounging upon a sofa with his back to the door, kept his eyes fixed on the policeman, and in a moment glared at the first who entered, then a heavy oath rose to his lips. He left his place, however, rather pointedly.

"Is the business not yet at an end Herr Assessor," he said, roughly.

At this Felix started up from his comfortable position, and stared, as if stupefied, into the faces of the gentlemen. He moved his foot, as if wishing to escape into the next room, but soon recovering himself, he assumed an air of utter indifference, and walked back on the sofa with ill-bred discourtesy.

The magistrate had in the meantime approached close to the table on which a lamp was burning. No trace of inward emotion was visible on his serious, benevolent countenance, but a tinge of his voice rang significantly, as he said: "No, Herr Marklin; I fear the business is just now beginning to your sorrow; I must be permitted to remain alone with this young man, who is certainly your son, or to retire with him to the apartment to hold a judicial examination."

During this address he had looked fixedly into Felix's eye, adding "Herr Felix Marklin, in the name of the law, you will give me speech and answer, as I shall require."

"With pleasure, sir," he replied, without rising.

The magistrate threw a glance of censure upon him. "And you will observe proper respect toward the representative of the law, who will leave this seat that you seem to insist upon occupying in such an unbecoming manner, and will comprehend that a man who is brought before the bar of justice must stand."

Felix rose negligently from his comfortable lounge. He was asking much, my dear Herr Magistrate, you are talking to me from a man who has come direct from Dresden, and who is terribly shaken and wearied by his journey, but it pleases me to fall in with your requirements for the moment."

The old gentleman had been pacing the room back and forth with heavy steps, murmuring to himself, "What is about to happen? I am really curious to see the issue of this!" Now, he remained standing. "If it please the Herr Magistrate," he said abruptly, "I should like him to hold the examination over in the counting room."

The magistrate bent his head, in assent, motioned with his hand for Felix to precede him, and as the latter delayed with spying intent, he laughed sarcastically saying: "It will be nothing here, or over there; taught by experience we have taken every precaution."

Disagreeably affected by these words, Felix strode forward, but retreated as quickly; a terrible presentiment seized upon him as he saw the police force deployed in the hall. The magistrate quietly directed the preparations for a hearing in the counting room, caused the light to be kindled and placed himself opposite to Felix, while the clerk took his place at the table, prepared pen, paper and ink, waiting for the conclusion of the proceedings.

Whether, during this short interval, Herr Felix had reviewed his position and resolved upon his mode of action, or whether he had formed his plans before-hand for a possible emergency, who can say? According to the magistrate's position as to whether he recollected a letter from the Residence directed to his father, that had been received some months ago, he replied deliberately, "Yes, I recollect this letter very well, my dear sir."

"Do you also remember its contents?" asked the magistrate promptly.

"Certainly, I was obliged to read it aloud to my father, who is not expert at reading and writing."

"Will you tell me its contents?"

"Willingly, as far as I remember. The letter was from a lady named Alexandrine von Haidek-Bohnhausen, nee von Erlowen, and contained an invitation for my father to come to her, that she might before her death discharge a debt she owed him."

"What happened in consequence of this letter?"

"My father and I determined to accept the invitation. I put the letter in my pocket and set out on my journey to the Residence to present myself to the Lady von Haidek-Bohnhausen, inquire about the debt and service that she intended for my father."

"Were you really at the Residence?"

"Certainly!"

"Did you see the Lady von Haidek?"

"Yes, that was why I went thither!" replied Felix.

"Taken greatly by surprise at this frank explanation, which flatly contradicted his father's earlier account of the matter, the magistrate observed him more keenly. He returned his look with a deliberate and determined air, which betrayed to the experienced officer that some hidden motive underlay this seemingly frank confession.

"What was the result of your visit?"

"The lady gave me a packet for my father, and bade me look upon it, as a remembrance of her visit."

"Did the lady give you any idea as to the nature of the obligations to your father?"

"No, my tenderness of feeling forbade my pressing for an explanation. My father was a fine-looking man in his youth, and the antecedents of the lady were equally respectable. He was always gracious to fine-looking men. Why! in the very face of death she was bearded and adorned, as if for a ball."

"You brought this packet to your father?"

"I would I have been such a fool," cried Felix, brisily. "The dear lady had handed the packet, expressly to me, as a restitution, seemingly with the sole aim of procuring for me the amusements, for which my father would never furnish the means. In order to be able to keep my packet I pretended that I had never reached the Residence."

"Did it never occur to you that you were doing wrong?"

"Yes, to be sure, but how could it injure my father, who was always trying to do good, and to admonish his sons to do the same. But I do not like to save; and I avoid all admonitions on principle. According to my principles it would have been time enough to reveal the matter to my father when the small amount of bank notes should have been used up."

"Did you never think that the packet might have been intended for another person?"

"For another person?" exclaimed Felix, with an air of ingenious surprise.

"Why, the letter was addressed to me."

"Might it not have been intended for Hofrath Marklin?"

Felix clapped his hands together several times, apparently diverted. "To a Hofrath Marklin, who lives in Nonnenburg, and then another man in town by the name?"

"It has never been a secret to your father that there is another Marklin family in our town."

"Yes, to my father," broke in the voice of the magistrate. "But if in your account judicial measures were to be employed against me, it would, to say the least, be ridiculous. Why did not this Hofrath Marklin apply to me in person to have the matter cleared up? I would have discussed the whole affair with him openly and honestly, as has always been my mode of acting. Had the idea entered my mind for a single moment that a mistake had occurred I should have taken good care not to expose myself to legal prosecution for such a trifle. I do not like the tyrannical dealings of the officers of justice. If you can bring me proof that I was in error in accepting the gift of Frau von Haidek-Bohnhausen I will gladly give you the amount of the money, and that his son was for whom they were intended."

The magistrate listened patiently and intently to this declaration without offering any interruption. He did not, however, vouchsafe any answer, but went on with his questions.

"Why did you leave the Residence in such haste?"

"Merely to bring my present home in safety and to insure it from the possible covetousness of the heirs."

"Was it necessary for that purpose to go by extra post to Westerbarg than to wander thither on foot?"

Felix thought of hearing this question, but colored visibly. "Heaven forbid! the one spring from the other, the one happened on the heels of the latter. I advise you to reflect that although my manner of action may be open to the censure of the heirs and of my father, yet not to that of the minions of the law who have no authority to interfere where mere errors and faults are in question."

"How do you account for having left your trunk at the hotel?" pursued the magistrate with unflinching composure.

"My trunk!" repeated the young man reflectively, as if to gain time.

"You must surely know that your trunk remained at the residence?"

"Of course! at first I forgot altogether that I had a trunk with me; when I discovered my loss, I found it inconvenient to go back for it, then, but took the resolution to return to the Residence, as soon as possible, and meantime to let the trunk be placed for my expenses at the hotel," said Felix slowly for these inquiries gradually rendered him somewhat uneasy. Once more he endeavored to concentrate all his innate powers of craft and dissimulation, and to find further means of evasion in this dilemma. With the instinct of a spider, he believed that he had surrounded himself, with a thick impenetrable web, without ever imagining that it might be impossible to see through and destroy his work. But his eyes were opened by the questions put by the magistrate. He saw himself exposed on all sides, and obliged to have recourse to any expedient whatever, that would afford him concealment.

He assumed an air of innocence, exclaiming in the most violent excitement, "Take care, Herr Magistrate, that you do not, one day, expose yourself to the risk of owing me an ample apology! I have willingly allowed myself to be brought here, to give you an account of the train of events, which through the malice of evil-disposed men, has been made to cast suspicion upon me. Give heed to the voice of your reason and your conscience, when you consider, that it was in a perfectly legal way, that I obtained possession of a packet, of whose contents I was altogether ignorant. Can you prove to me that my course, even to the secrecy observed towards my father, has not been upright, and in full accordance with law? Please to consider my standing as partner in a highly respectable trading-house, and the son of a wealthy man, provided with abundant means of subsistence; you will then see the groundlessness of these absurd suspicions, and will regret having insulted me by your degrading questions."

While Felix with assumed zeal was making his harangue of defense, the magistrate had placed both hands firmly on the table between himself and the young man, had gazed more keenly into his face, with a stern and threatening contraction of the brow. Now he interrupted the torrent of Felix's words, with wonderful impressiveness. "Since everything is so far, since your immaturity so fully proved your conduct in the whole so blameless—wherefore your pretended journey; your stopping at Luisenhal; wherefore your clandestine return to your father's house; wherefore your stealing into the same; your search for this envelope, whose address constituted, in your opinion, the sole proof of your guilt?" He held up the envelope before the young man, but continued without a moment's pause: "Wherefore your anger against Madame Spalding since you knew that she was concealing this envelope; wherefore the murder of this poor woman, when you found yourself discovered and seen through by her; wherefore the murder, I ask you; wherefore the murder, if you were so securely conscious of your innocence?" said the magistrate in a menacing tone, as he rose and stood before the young man, like an avenging Nemesis.

Felix stood motionless; he seemed palsied by fright; his glassy eyes wandered from object to object, turned to each darkened corner as if awaiting the onset of some explanation as to how those distinct revelations of the truth had been obtained; he lost his firm self-command; he trembled throughout his whole body as the magistrate repeated more loudly and threateningly. "Answer me—wherefore this base murder of a harmless woman, if you deemed yourself so secure?"

Felix sank together, broken in body and spirit. Yes, he had done it! He had done it the day before that fatal Sunday; had returned to Nonnenburg late in the evening, had let himself into his father's house by means of his pass-key; had made search for the envelope, had been detected in this search by Madame Spalding and her confederate the murderer! But, in this fateful moment, it exceeded his powers of comprehension to understand how all this had been brought to light—as before said he was overwhelmed by fear and the reproaches of conscience and sank down powerless.

"Oh, do not call it murder—it was not murder," he stammered after an interval, during which the magistrate was dictating the last scene to his clerk. "For God's sake do not call it murder, it was self-defense; my father was always trying to do good, and to admonish his sons to do the same. But I do not like to save; and I avoid all admonitions on principle. According to my principles it would have been time enough to reveal the matter to my father when the small amount of bank notes should have been used up."

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